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ART GOSSIP.

OUR artists are quite generally "out of town"—which means gone to the antipodes, or anywhere else that a good sketch can be had. The hope of *that* great picture, of which every artist dreams, sends them into every imaginable locality in quest of *the* sketch. They straddle mountains, ford rivers, explore plains, dive into caves, gaze inquisitively into the clouds (not always, we are sorry to say, into Heaven), sail seas, run into icebergs, scald themselves in Amazonian valleys—always returning safely home in the golden October, with a lean pocket and plethoric portfolio, ready for commissions and praise. The Hegira, this season, is quite general; the studios are ticketed "closed," and all is as silent around their precincts as the confusion of things generally in the metropolis will allow.

William Hart and Church go, or have gone, to Mount Desert, on the coast of Maine, where Mr. H. spent last summer. That wild and unfrequented vicinity is the paradise of painters, if we can credit the stories told, and the sketches brought back by the artist of pluck.

James Hart goes into the Adirondacks, we believe, making his headquarters at Albany.

Sonntag has gone to the Western Carolinas—a most superb region for mountain and forest scenery.

Shattuck has two artistic paradises at his command this year, viz.: a new wife and the White Mountains. Under the influence of the honeymoon, he probably will give us some very suggestive moonlight views. His wife is a sister of one of his artist friends—a lady of taste, beauty, and intelligence.

Casilear, at present, is on Long Island.

Inness is "at home," at Medfield, Mass.

Hays has gone Rocky Mountain-ward, in quest of buffalo, skrimmages, papposes, and other untamed things. He will bring home some things in the way of tomahawks, scalps, skins, etc., which will "astonish the natives" of this super-civilized metropolis.

Bierstadt, who made the Rocky Mountain tour with great success last year, has gone into the White Mountain region to sketch, and to experiment photographically, along with his brother, a

photographer of eminence. Bierstadt achieved a great success in his Indian Hunting Ground scene, exhibited at the last Academy exposition. He has laid out another grand Indian Camp scene for his winter's work.

Church contemplates completing his long talked of picture of an iceberg at sea. He goes to the coast of Maine to make the necessary water studies. His "Twilight," according to the press, which praises everything an artist does *after* he has obtained a position, of course pronounces the "Twilight" a picture full of wondrous qualities. To our apprehension, it is unworthy of the artist, being a mere piece of scene painting, which it was vanity to exhibit. We know of many a work, by artists of vastly lesser fame, which should command greater praise from a proper and disinterested judge. If that iceberg is not a great success, we shall begin to fear that in the "Heart of the Andes" the artist has done his best work. He has "gone and done it," in taking to himself a wife, in the person of a belle of Dayton, Ohio—Miss Carnes: what effect *it* may have to inspire the artist to unusual enthusiasm, remains to be seen.

Jerome Thompson is still in town. So is Pope, Bleauvelt, Barry; Leutze is in Virginia; Coleman has gone to Europe; Wier is at his home, up the Hudson; Miss Harriet Hosmer is at Watertown, Mass., nursing an invalid father; Miss Stebbins has just returned home from Europe, in company with Charlotte Cushman; Mr. Mozier also lately returned from abroad; Hicks is in the city, engaged upon his pictures for the Governor's Room, New-York City Hall; Gignoux will visit the Upper Mississippi, we hear; Stearns is in the city, driven with commissions and anxious sitters; Tait has removed his studio to his Morrisania home, and takes his usual annual hunt up in the wilds of Northern New-York; Col. John R. Johnston, of Baltimore, takes a tour into Western Virginia; Durrie, of New-Haven, is at home for the summer; Knapp is at Haarlem, doing much out-of-door study; Bradford, of New-Bedford, goes to Mount Desert, in company with William Hart; and so the record runs.

We sincerely hope to be able to announce the safe return and good health of this tribe of devotees, and shall await with an eager anxiety the pleasure of going into the depths of their portfolios.

George L. Brown has completed his large canvas of New-York city and river, from the grounds of Mr. Stevens, at Hoboken. It is spoken of as a very meritorious work. Its size is ten feet by six.

The Directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad must be gentlemen of artistic proclivities. Last year, it will be remembered, they provided a grand excursion for artists, who literally went "on a train," and had a grand season of sketching, frolicking, and interesting adventure. This year the same thing has been repeated, on a smaller scale. Gifford, McEntee, Hubbard, and others of this city, together with several Baltimore artists, were provided with cars, one of which was fitted with sleeping accommodations, and the other with the necessities for a *ménage*. They switched off at any picturesque point of view that struck their fancy, and when they had exhausted its "capabilities" for artistic purposes, they hooked on to a train and proceeded as far as they chose. A very delightful way of sketching, truly, and certainly a very happy mode of advertising. Ere long we shall have Baltimore and Ohio Railroad scenery hung in every collection in the country.

Thom, who has painted much for the Cosmopolitan Art Association, is now a student in Paris, of the celebrated Edouard Frère. He has sent home several pictures, which excite great interest in his progress.

Cropsey has sent home, from London, four fine landscapes, typical of the four Seasons. The English art-critics concede Cropsey a very high position as an artist. His works command ready sale there, but find less sale here than those of many other painters having no English reputation.

Goupil has lately received, on sale, several choice cabinets, from French artists, among which are two exquisite subjects by Edouard Frère, two small landscapes by Lambinet, a small cattle piece by Troyon, a delicate domestic scene by Troyer, and a very fine *genre* subject by a new artist, Henneberg, a pupil of Courture's.

T. Buchanan Read has gone to Europe.

Mr. Volk, of Chicago, is about removing to New-York city, to prosecute his profession. His busts are very fine. Mr. V. is not a German, as generally supposed, but a native of Montgomery county, of New-York State.

A good story is told of one of our best portrait painters. A gentleman of strong democratic proclivities, having to go to Europe previous to the Presidential nominations, commissioned the artist to paint a portrait of the Democratic candidate, let him be whom he might. The puzzled artist is now in a quandary, as he does not know which of the two candidates to paint, whether Douglas or Breckinridge. He doubtless will have to paint *both*, and let his patron "take his pick."

Mr. Frank Howland, now in Paris, has created some talk in art-circles by his contributions to the late Academy exhibition. He possesses talent which warrants his friends in expecting much at his hands.

Mrs. Lily M. Spencer is still at her Newark studio, laboring late and early over her pressing commissions. Step by step this lady has advanced in her profession, until she now is conceded rank with the best artists this country has produced, in her special departments of fruit pieces and humorous characterization. Her pictures command large prices, and are richly worth all they command.

Rogers, of New-York city, has received many compliments, in eminent circles, for his successes in models. His contributions to the Academy exhibition, though merely plaster casts, did not fail to excite much attention. "The Schoolmaster," who, "e'en though vanquished, could argue still," and his "Chess Players," were truly delightful works, and real successes as embodiment of character and sentiment. It is to be hoped that he may give his evidently fine talent more enduring embodiment in marble. He has a promising future before him, we must think.

Perhaps the best delineator, in this country, of the *pathos* of humor, is Bleauvelt. His characterizations, altho' somewhat local, still are not *genre*. They seize upon the humorous in character and action, but superadd a sentiment which always touches the heart, and renders his work very delightful to contemplate. His commissions have become so pressing as to compel him to tarry in the city for the summer.

Speaking of *genre* painting, one of our leading journals gives our artists the following good reminder: "It is not necessary to go all the way to the Roman Campagna to find picturesque vagabonds who would look well on canvas. We

have lazzaroni in abundance, hanging about our public markets, as guiltless of Naples soap, and as vicious in looks, as any of the subjects of King Bomba. Yet our artists rarely think it becoming in them to give us a glimpse of the loose fish that float in the turbid stream of our own social system. Murillo loved to paint Spanish beggars, and Edouard Frère loves to paint French children; but the delight of our artists, with an exception or two, is to paint likenesses of an Italian pifferari, or a peasant boy of the Campagna. Our streets, too, are so full of brilliant color that it is a wonder our artists are not tempted to give us more frequent glimpses of them."

The late Academy exhibition betokened quite an advance in the direction of *genre* delineation. The pictures of New-York street life, of newsboys, etc., were numerous, and some of them were very good.

Gignoux, we are told, has had the courage to face the terrors of a cruise through Fulton Market, New-York, and to draw therefrom a subject for a most (from him) unexpected picture. The "Tribune" tells us: "The foul smells of that receptacle of all the luxuries of the season, will prevent people of sensitive natures from lingering long among its stench; but Mr. Gignoux has put the scene upon his canvas so that its splendors may be enjoyed without experiencing the discomforts of its odors. * * * * The whole scene looks as confused with color as a painter's palette: it is all over daubed with red, black, green, yellow, and purple. It is just a scene like this, with its human accessories, that Gignoux has dashed upon his canvas, with an effect wonderful for its breadth and vigor." We can but congratulate the artist that he escaped from the dirty precinct to give us his studies in such unexceptionable shape. It certainly was a great leap, from "Niagara Falls in Winter" to "Fulton Market in Summer."

Mayer, of Baltimore, has on exhibition at the "Crayon Gallery" of Mr. George Ward Nichols, in this city, a really exquisite work—an old negro acting the philosopher to a group of children. It is a picture of great excellence, challenging comparison with the best things of that kind yet done on this side of the water.

Quite a collection of the works of our artists is open, upon free exhibition, at the establishment of J. Snedecor, on Broadway. There will be found on sale,

James Hart's "Loon Lake," Ives' "Cupid," and works by McEntee, Beard, Bellows, Tait, Mr. Page, Hubbard, Van Beest, etc., etc. It is a charming feature of "the trade."

Van Beest is gaining fortune and favor by his marines. He is a prolific painter, but turns out nothing which is not calculated to command attention. His style is full of force, his invention prolific, his mastery of light and shade effective. In the department of good marine pictures, we have a great lack—our artists seeming to study land more than sea. Several have undertaken the sea, however, in good earnest, and the promise is fair for progress in that direction. Van Beest will become a great favorite—if he don't paint too much.

Kensett, having obtained unlimited leave of absence from serving on the National Art Commission, has returned to New-York, en route for the seacoast near Cohasset, Mass.—a favorite resort for artists who study sea-water and sky. We suppose Mr. K. does not entertain the most patriotic views concerning the art-taste of the late Congress, which so unceremoniously dissolved the Commission, after the rendering of their first report. Artists will have to learn, from a bitter experience, that partisan and personal feelings are more potent in Congress than out of it.

The "Evening Post" tells of a picture by Gignoux, called the "First Snow Storm." With the thermometer at 92° in the shade, as we write our gossip, it gives one a delightful sensation to read: "The storm is over, and a clearer sky than is there shown was, perhaps, never put upon canvas. At the right, is a slight eminence, covered with small trees, with a little cottage embowered among them. The leaves have not fallen, but have been changed by the first frosts into that gorgeous display and contrast of color only to be seen, it is said, in our American landscapes. Below this, is a clean sketch of snow, relieved by two or three figures; and to the left, a mixed wood and water scene, with hills in the distance."

Photography threatens to flood the world with the amateur performances, on paper, of the Sun. Stereoscopic "views" are becoming as thick as autumn leaves, and almost as cheap. Lithographs are everywhere—even on posters and bill heads, and the promise is that "the masses" will not famish from want of

something to look at. We may well characterize this era as that of promiscuous production in the way of pictures. "The people" must be careful to disserve the good from the bad—must learn what is worthy and what is worthless, as works of art. We shall strive to do our part toward imparting correct information and developing a good taste.

The Baron de Trobriand, as an amateur artist, has given us several excellent pictures. His last, "A Morning in Venice," now on exhibition at Goupil's, on Broadway, is a delightful bit of coloring and delivery.

In the Dusseldorf Gallery, New-York, are several charming pieces of statuary. Paul Acker's "Dead Pearl Diver," Miss Lander's "Evangeline" and "Bust of Hawthorne," Barbee's "Fisher Girl" (the property of the *Cosmopolitan Art Association*), Crawford's "Dancing Jenny," etc., etc. This Gallery is one of the "institutions" of the metropolis, which no person visiting the city can well overlook, if he or she have any taste for art. Over two hundred thousand dollars worth of celebrated pictures and statuary are constantly on exhibition, at the truly American price of twenty-five cents!

Mr. C. B. Ives, the sculptor, who has pursued his art for the last sixteen years in Rome, is at present in Hartford, employed in modelling in clay a bust of Bishop Brownell, for the Bishop's son-in-law, Mr. Burnham, of New-York. The head is finished, and in a few days the model will be completed. The Hartford "Times" says it represents the Bishop in his robes, and apart from the likeness, the characteristic expression of the venerable prelate is accurately preserved. All who are intimately acquainted with Bishop Brownell, including his own family, declare this to be the best likeness ever taken of him. Mr. Ives will return to Italy in about two months, and will finish the marble bust during the coming winter.

The coming of the Prince of Wales fills picture windows on Broadway with portraits of the boy—some, good; more, very indifferent; most, very execrable. The same may be said of the faces of the Presidential candidates which ornament shops and books, and will find their way over the land. Breckinridge looks like a boy—Lincoln like a longshoreman—Douglas like a bully. Our advice is—don't put your trust in lithographs.

A WORD FOR PICTURE OWNERS.



GREAT want has long existed of a Sales Gallery, where parties owning good and valuable works of art, which they desire to dispose of, could do so upon safe and favorable terms. There are large numbers of pictures, statuary, etc., which, from various reasons, seek a market; but, aside from the show windows of two or three metropolitan stores, no place has been provided for the exhibition of works of art seeking a market. The proprietors of the Gallery 548 Broadway, New-York, have long been importuned to open their rooms for the reception of good pictures, etc., seeking a change of hands; but, up to the present time, have been unable to accommodate applicants.

The opening of the magnificent new galleries now preparing for the collection hitherto on exhibition at the place named above, will leave room for the proper exhibition of a limited number of good pictures, and the proprietors have determined to place a portion of the walls at the disposition of the owners of such pictures as wish for exhibition preliminary to a sale or exchange. As the gallery is one of the most frequented and popular places in the city, to which persons of wealth and cultivated taste resort, the opportunity now offered parties interested is a rare one.

The terms upon which pictures will be received, and the time, will be made known upon application in person, or by letter, to C. L. Derby, Actuary C. A. A., 546 Broadway, New-York. Parties having statuary or paintings of a good character, for which they wish to find sale, will do well to confer with Mr. Derby in regard to the matter at as early a moment as possible, for the principle of reception must be "first come first served;" when the space allotted is filled, no more can be received.

A given space only will be reserved, on the floor, for statuary.

THE TWO THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE OFFER.



THE interest excited in the Prize and Medal offer of the *Cosmopolitan Art Association*, has become quite general, not only among artists, but also among all who take pleasure in the development of our national taste and talents. The total absence of any endowment for foreign art-study, has long been a subject of remark. Even the provision for schools of art-study at home, has been almost entirely wanting, and our youth have had to grope in darkness alone, spending years of experimenting at drawing and coloring to attain a knowledge which a few months' tuition would have imparted. If art is in its infancy here, it is because almost every other branch of study has been allowed precedence, and only those have pursued the painter's profession who have had patience, energy, and enthusiasm, in an unusual degree. Even the N. Y. National Academy of Design—an institution professedly founded especially for art-culture—has failed to provide any generally available means of study, notwithstanding its funds have been growing enormously. Through the benevolent exertions of a few spirited persons, a School of Design for women has been instituted in New-York city, and the superb Bryan Collection of paintings, by the old masters, has been placed at the command of students; but there still is wanting anything which can have even the semblance of the facilities and encouragement offered to the student of art in Dusseldorf, Munich, Paris, Madrid, London, Florence, Rome, Dresden, and in Holland.

In view of this state of affairs, an offer which creates a fund to send abroad, yearly, one American art-student—which proposes to place at the disposal of such student abundant means for a two years' study, and to aid further the progress of the student by means of introductions to eminent art-circles—could but be received with satisfaction by the public, and with enthusiasm by the large number of artists struggling for the means of study.

The terms and conditions of this offer were given in the June issue of this journal. They are such as must prove not only entirely acceptable to those who propose to compete, but will also prove most efficient in promoting the progress of the